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The Society of Men of Letters, for whom the statue of Balzac, by Rodin, was ordered, have refused to accept it. M. Pellerin, who bought a picture by Manet, the father of impressionism in painting, has added it to his collection.



An attempt is being made, it is said, to establish a permanent American exhibition in Paris. This movement is the result of unfair treatment of many American artists who have been badly treated by the juries of the salons on account of war prejudices, and is supported by many distinguished Americans who have the welfare of American artists at heart.



Scribner's, for August, has in its "Field of Art" columns an extended letter by Mr. John LaFarge, which refers to the question of the twelve great masterpieces which has been occupying our pages for the last three issues. He leaves, however, the main question unanswered, although much that he says is interesting.



M. Jean-Paul Laurens, the president of the Society of Artists (the old salon), made quite a sensation when, in his address at the giving of the prizes, he scored the low standard of works on exhibition. With great depth of feeling he exclaimed: "War to the false artist; war to the amateur painter, this redoubtable vagabond who finds a place too often on the line. Drive him out without pity!" Bouguereau, the patron of the Julien student, must have suffered agony.



THE EDITOR.

IN the July 1 issue of the *Chap Book*—which by the way is its last, it having been purchased by *The Dial*—is a very interesting illustration of the much discussed statue of Balzac by Rodin of this year's Salon. His group of "The Prisoners of Calais" was a severe problem, but this undeveloped, ungraceful, primitive block of marble with enough detail at the top to show where the head is going to be, is incomprehensible. How Max Nordau will rub his hand and cry "Degeneracy"! Where is the simple dignity of Egypt, the grace and beauty of Greece, the charm of the Renaissance, the suggestion of humanity of any time or country? Flattered by the fin-de-siècle lovers of anything new, Rodin is making fun of us. The wild impressionists in painting sacrificed everything



THE STATUE OF BALZAC, BY RODIN.

Courtesy of the *Chap Book*.

for light ; this impressionistic sculptor has sacrificed everything for — this. The sacrifice is too great. Let us have something that we can understand. The test of great art is its reasonableness, never its queerness nor bravado.



The article in this issue on "Soldier Monuments," by the art editor of the *Chicago Evening Post*, is not the least overdrawn. Its appearance

is timely, coming as it does when our army and navy are performing such splendid deeds of heroism in the fever heat of the tropics, deeds that will deserve commemoration by a grateful nation in the enduring form of monuments. Art can perform no higher service than to perpetuate the sentiments of a patriotic people for the noble sons who sacrifice all that the peace and honor of their country may be established and perpetuated. What can we say when we see all about us monuments to our sacred dead which are bungling jobs of commercial enterprise instead of simple, worthy memorials that might suggest in some slight degree our real emotions. Such memorials are a sin to the dead and a lie to the living.

The disease in this monument question is so clearly seen and the cure so easily suggestive, that it is almost an insult to common intelligence to discuss it. If we are satisfied with anything we can go to anybody; but if we want something artistic we must consult artistic sources. If we want a \$5,000 monument, we can hardly expect to get it for \$1,500. A simple slab of properly inscribed stone would be infinitely superior from every point of view to a cheap iron-foundry "figure" without anatomy or sentiment. Such things only demonstrate the degradation of taste of those who have such matters in charge and who are responsible for the degradation which insidiously creeps into every soul that looks upon their ugliness and vulgarity.

Bad taste breeds bad taste, and a more general good taste can only be developed by the proper leaders being allowed some authority. The public art commission suggested is the right idea. Chicago might well follow the example of some of her Eastern municipal sisters, and the sooner the better.



The ill-starred steamer *La Bourgogne* had among her passenger list a young sculptor who, having passed some five or six years of unremunerative professional life in his native land, was returning to his earlier artistic surroundings in Paris. Emil H. Wuertz was in his soul an artist and sculptor, and some of his work already demonstrated it. He had exhibited both in Paris and the many exhibitions in America, and had won numerous recognitions. Of a naturally cheerful disposition, he was always hopeful and generous. His last few years in Chicago were very sad ones. Exceptionally industrious, he failed only from want of patrons. The story of his struggles in Chicago are a disgrace to our boasted civilization, for still with us dollars are more precious than human life. Poor Wuertz! After all is over a prominent museum is about to add one of his works to its permanent collections. What a satisfaction this would have given him.